

Osage News

August, 2010

www.osagecob.org



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Harold Groth, Pastor

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A Summer of Learning and Fun, Being Young!

Report From Camp

~by Adam Martinie & Andy Long

Camp was a lot of fun this year but not as much last year. This year there was a lot of more people and more troublemakers (not us). We talked about God, Jesus, and parables. Every day at camp we had a lesson about parables and a special activity. First, in the morning we wake up and set dishes then we have our morning watch. Then we eat; do the dishes, play, nature class, bible study, and crafts. Then lunch and our special activity we got back and had a snack and a nap. Then music and supper. After that we had play time and campfire then after that we would get ready for bed. That was pretty much how camp this year went.

Editor's note. Other Junior campers from our church were: Melanie Hartman, Autumn Rion, Davin Elkins, and Tucker Moseley

Camp Mt. Hermon

~by Alaina Martinie

My favorite thing about camp is meals. We ate macaroni, hot dogs, taco salad, cookies and that's all I could remember. We made prayer pillows, sun catchers, and water bottles for crafts. I also liked Nature. But they didn't believe me when I told them the blackberry bush wasn't a blackberry bush. It was a raspberry bush. They thought raspberries were all red but some are dark purple. I tried to tell them but they didn't believe me.

Miranda Hartman listens to the children's story as sister Melanie Hartman and others watch from the choir. R-Tyler Egbert brings the morning message while Pastor Harold is at National Conference.



Pre-Junior Campers Kaylee Wagner, Alaina Martinie and Shi Ann Crumpacker.

I also liked Bible study. Uncle Kenny (Kenny Davidson) was our teacher. The theme was "Being a Hero." One of the stories was about Jonathan and David.

We went swimming in town every day. Uncle Kenny was our bus driver. At the camp we played a new game called Ninja.

My cabin had Brittany, Shi Ann (Crumpacker), KyLee (Wagner), and counselors Dusty, Kailee, and Linda.

At campfire we sang and had bible stories.



July 30-Aug 1
District Conference
McPherson, KS

August 10
Reading Group
Darrell & Carolyn
Barr
7:00 p.m.

August 17
Garden Club
At the Home of
Jerry & Janice Kirby
7:00 p.m.

Every Tuesday
Community Lunch
At the Church
11:30 a.m. -1:00 p.m.
(or the food is gone)

Every Thursday
Aunt B & Friends
at the Church
7:00 p.m.

Every Sunday
9:30 a.m. Sunday School
10:30 a.m. Worship
Children's church

Last Sunday of the
Month
Stay and eat after church
with the "Lunch Bunch"

Prairie Gardeners Talk of Butterflies and Pets

~by Marsha Hartman

The July Prairie Gardeners' meeting was switched from Jerry and Janice Kirby's to the Church due to Jerry's health. We hope that everything works out for Jerry and we will be able to visit their garden in August. Martha Price took the July meeting on and it was good to have her back after her health problems.



Roll call was answered by 13 members, with Betty Ledford's hint about using pet hair in stockings to keep Peter rabbit out of your garden. Linda Groth told us how to get bigger apples on your tree by removing apples when they are the size of a dime from limbs, leaving a space of 6 inches between apples. Barbara Egbert read about different butterflies and the food that they liked the best. Did you know there is a butterfly named Question Mark? It has coloring on its wings that look like a ?.

Colleen said to keep hanging baskets looking pretty to turn them 90 degrees every few days. Doris told about the Zone 6 Garden Tour that she attended. For tomato blooms rot- crush Tums and place them around tomatoes then water was Diana's garden



tip. Louise added that powdered milk will also work. John shared that pet hair and blood meal works to keep rabbit away. Roy was happy to have good friends and neighbors that share their gardens. Martha Parsons' told about using bone meal on her roses and how her dog was digging around looking for a bone. Louise shared a picture of pots, plates, and tea pots glued together to make a garden craft. Wanda was going to take her cat to the vet for a hair cut, now she thinks she will take a bag along to keep the hair to run Peter rabbit out of her garden. Martha Price read how a bird sings which was very interesting.



Martha Price showed how to take an old flower pot and make it look really pretty. She used sand and sea shells to cover it. You need nice clean sand, a box, glue, brush, sea shells and a pot. She put sand in the box covered the lower part of the pot with glue and rolled the pot in the sand to coat. The pot needs to dry over night. Martha had another pot ready to glue the sea shells on the rim. To get the right number of shells to fit around the rim she used a strip of cloth to measure the rim and then placed the shells to be sure she had enough before gluing them on the pot rim.

Refreshments were apple cake and drinks. The door prize was won by Colleen Huff.



You Are Invited To

**Come – N – Dine
Where?**

Osage Church of the Brethren

896 S 80th St

Phone 632-5248

When?

Every Tuesday from 11:30 a.m.

until 1:00 p.m.

(or the food is gone)



Come - N-Dine Menu*

August 3

Ham
Macaroni & Cheese
Salad
Green Beans
Homemade Rolls

August 10

Taco Soup
Cornbread
Broccoli Salad

August 17

Meatloaf
Mashed Potatoes & Gravy
Green Beans
Salad
Homemade Rolls

August 24

BBQ Ribs
Cheesy Tater Tots
Baked Beans
Salad

August 31

Chicken & Noodles
Mashed Potatoes
Corn - Salad
Homemade Rolls

September 7

BBQ Ribs
Potato Salad
Broccoli-Rice & Cheese
Salad
Homemade Rolls

September 14

BBQ Ribs
PHam
Broccoli Salad
Sweet Potatoes
Homemade Rolls

Dessert included with meal.
Freewill offering accepted.
*Menu subject to change.

Summer Activities

~by Doris Crumpacker

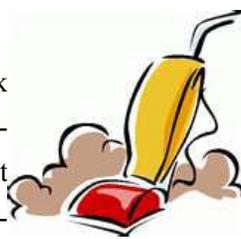
Camping is a good summer activity. My camping experience as a youth was church camp. It was a time I didn't have parents telling me what was right and wrong, when to get up in the morning, or what I had to do that day. I found it a perfect time to discover my own identity and make choices. Above all it was learning about God and people and how to relate.

Gardening is a good summer activity. Gardeners work with God to make beautiful flower gardens. Vegetable gardens are also the handy work of God and man to provide food. In Pittsburg there is a community garden that provides food for people unable to have their own. It also provides produce for places like Wesley House.

Another summer activity is family reunions. Keeping close to our heritage is important. The Bible keeps records of genealogy and records stories of family life. Genealogy and records identify who we are; physical features, mannerisms and beliefs.

Fishing can be done all year but the younger generation has more time to fish in the summer. My grandsons like to fish keeping the path to the pond worn. Our pond has moss making a problem for fishing. One day my six-year-old grandson asked me, "Grandma do you have a moss sucker?" My answer of, "No,"

brought on a look of disappointment. I couldn't leave the conver-



sation there, so I said, "Matthew, if you have an idea in your head you can make it. If you want to make a moss sucker you would probably need a motor for suction, a hose and a blower." He didn't reply, but I could see he was thinking. Someone said later that if Sandra's vacuum sweeper disappeared we would know where to look for it.

Many things have been invented because someone had an idea. How our lives change with the result of an idea. Some people accept change and others find it hard to do.

When God sent his Son to earth he wanted some things to change. Some people just couldn't give up their form of worshiping God with rituals, burnt offerings and sacrifices. God gave us a new Covenant; a new promise of dealing with man's sin. His Son, Jesus, shed His blood to cover our sins. All we need to do is repent, ask forgiveness, and accept Jesus's sacrifice. We need to live in Jesus's Light of Love. Being a follower of Jesus is an All-Season activity.



Visit the Osage
website at:
www.Osagecob.org

August Birthdays

Jamie Alexander	4
Earl Hartman	9
Tyler Egbert	10
Ray Huff	12
Austin Egbert	17
Alexis Schneider	19
Kathleen Cheney	22
Sandra Martinie	23
Doris Crumpacker	27
Twyla McColm	28
Marsha Hartman	29
Jerry Clawson	29
Chad Buzard	31

August Anniversaries

Crista and Lester Wagner	2
Kenny & Victoria Murphy	3
Mark & Nancy Crumpacker	11
Jim & Colleen Huff	19

September Birthdays

Clark Egbert	2
Matthew Martinie	4
Zelda McColm	5
Mike Sand	5
Nancy Crumpacker	6
Edna Brubaker	8
Sherri Wine	17
Dick Surrige	18
Bob Collins	19
Eian Monsour	20
Caleb Egbert	21
Camden Leonard	22
Jim Leonard	22
Danny Egbert	23
Gina Buzard	24
Alan Egbert	27

September Anniversaries

Mike & Linda Sand	2
Glen & Doris Crumpacker	7
Paul & Margaret Huff (70 Years)	7
Paul & Carol Troop	12

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Growing Up in Strauss, Kansas

~by Betty Morrow Ledford

I was born and raised in Strauss, Kansas-not on a farm, but not exactly a metropolis. My dad owned a country grocery store/gas station, plus some other houses. Dad acquired electricity before I was born when the KG&E plant was built just a few miles away. So, I don't remember ever not having electricity. My mother was raised on a farm and she always had a garden, chickens, and sometimes a cow, but I don't ever remember her baking bread. The store was too close for her to do that.

I grew up with two older sisters, a brother, and a younger sister. I had an aunt and uncle a mile and a half away and another aunt and uncle three miles away. Their children were so much older that I had their full attention when I visited. I remember my uncle driving down with horses and a wagon to do business at the elevator and I rode home with him. Whenever I visited my aunts and uncles I always claimed to be hungry so that I could have homemade bread and butter. I remember the harvesting crews and a number of women getting dinner and was so envious of the water boy because he rode a horse to the fields.

There was a community building across the road from our store. It was originally built for a church, but no one ever established one there. But they did have revivals there at times. That's the first time I heard about God. It was used for a quilting club and my mother went there every Thursday for many years. They had literary there before my time. The building is still standing, but probably not for long.

A caravan of Gypsies camped there every year. Someone sent me to the house one time because "Gypsies kidnap children." It didn't look like they needed any more kids as there were always a lot of half-dressed kids running around. One time they came into the store and dad had a hard time filling their orders as they always wanted something on the top shelf--I guess to keep his attention away from what else they were doing.

In addition to a full line of groceries, dad carried overalls and shoes in the early years. He also sold kerosene, ice (in block form) and eggs that he bought from the farmers. He kept the ice in a small building with saw dust to keep it cold. He had cookies in bins with glass doors and you could buy one or a dozen. He had bananas on a big stalk that hung from the ceiling. He had a metal pop container with ice and water to keep the glass bottle of pop cold and it tasted so good that way. This was before super

markets, and customers gave him a list of what they wanted and he gathered the groceries, sacked them and wrote down all of it, as many farmers charged their groceries by the month.

Dad always had a clerk to help him and many times they stayed with us. There were always people around the store, if not customers, there were salesmen and people just passing the time. Many evenings were spent with the men playing cards, the women visiting, and the kids playing. Even with the depression going on, there was a lot of fun to be had.

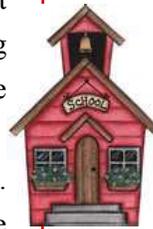
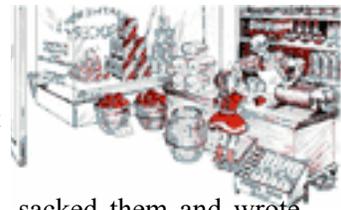
I walked a mile and a half to school, a one room school with all eight grades. I feel I got a good education there. I even won a second and third place in separate years for silent reading in the county contests. School was like having another family. We all knew each other so well.

High lights of the school year were: the box supper in the fall, the Christmas program in December, and the last day of school in the spring. I can still feel the excitement coming into the school at night with the gasoline lights hanging from the ceiling and the sizzling sound they made, and the butterflies in my stomach as I knew I would soon have a part in the program.

On the last day of school, there was a program Then it seemed the tables of food went on and on. Usually the men and boys played ball.

My sister and I attended Sunday school at the Methodist Church in McCune. As far as family attendance, my parents didn't go, but they did live good honorable lives. My dad, especially, liked everyone and treated them all the same--from the dirtiest drunk to the governor of the state, he liked them all.

I grew up in the depression, but I didn't know what that was. Everyone seemed to be in the same boat. I had a happy childhood.



Editor's note: We urge you to send us your life's history so that we may preserve it for future generations. Or, interview someone, write it down, and give it to Sharon Leonard, or email it to aleonard@ckt.net.

Mexican Travelogue

~by Mike Sand

I had occasion this Spring to travel to Mexico. My brother lives and works near Detroit but spends one week each month in Saltillo, Mexico as a big part of his job. He has worked in the Saltillo area for the last 30 years. He is fluent in the language, knows the customs, and knows where you can safely go and where you better hadn't.

Besides getting to spend a week with my brother, the purpose of my going with him was to help drive his personal pick up back to the states where I would buy it from him. His reason for doing this is to eliminate the need to be anywhere near the border after this trip. By Mexican law, all vehicles tagged in Mexico but titled in the States, must have their paperwork renewed annually and it must be done at the border crossing stations. It used to be just a nuisance, but now it's also dangerous. From now on his employers will provide a vehicle titled in Mexico and he won't get any closer to the border than 25,000 feet as he flies across.

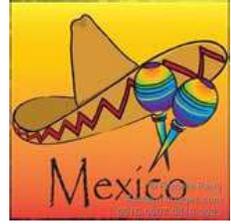
Mexico has been getting a lot of bad press in the States recently. Of course much of it is true but also many of our perceptions are incorrect as well. My experience of Mexico and the people I met was much different than expected.

We flew into Saltillo from Houston. The air service to this metropolitan area of nearly 1 million people does not include large jets, but actually not much larger than commuter jets. The city of Saltillo is located about 160 miles South of Laredo, Texas, and at an altitude of about 5000 ft. much like Denver. It is located in a large valley with mountains all around, some very near, others farther away but still surrounding. It is a very industrialized city and is the major auto manufacturing center in Mexico. Besides Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler Corp; Volkswagen and several British and even French automobiles are built here. Plant workers receive somewhere around \$5.00 US an hour and it is a good wage there. Their plant facilities are every bit as modern as anything we have here and I toured one transmission assembly plant that was totally air conditioned to allow for the assembly of parts so critical that the expansion due to heat would be a problem. The Mexican people are not afraid of work; they don't have the safety nets we so often depend on. Working is not an option and they embrace it.

Flying into Saltillo from the air it didn't look like anything I had ever seen. The residential areas were often brightly (I mean BRIGHTLY) colored. There were many small homes tumbling into one another and painted all the colors of the rainbow. Getting closer to the ground, I noticed how small they were and how often they were either unfinished or already abandoned. This was a recurring theme everywhere we went;



empty dwellings that either hadn't been lived in yet or were already empty and in disrepair. When we landed at Saltillo Internacional Aeropuerto, I was struck by the hand painted sign on the rear of the building and the airport's size, not much larger than Joplin airport. Upon leaving the airport I did notice that the front that was visible from the street was much more attractive. They do the best they can with what they have (just like the rest of us.) If they can't make it all nice, they at least make it look nice where it really counts.



Next month: speed bumps, cactus, and building codes.

The Proposal

~by Colleen Huff



Fireworks, a deer plot, Lightning Creek, two video cameras, a digital camera, a 1941 Jeep C.J., Wayne Barr, Greg & Melinda Nutt, Josh Shouse, Jim & Colleen Huff in camo? What do they have in common? A proposal. On July 2, Ray Huff proposed to Ashka Cieslak on Lightning Creek Hill, purported to be his "favorite place on earth." After Ashka said "Yes," Wayne Barr received the special signal, and fireworks broke forth above the ridge. (This would have to be the rural Kansas version of a proposal on the big screens at half-time at a NFL game.)

On July 3, an engagement party was held at the home of Jim and Colleen Huff. Ashka was surprised with a video of the proposal: Ray asked everyone who had witnessed his proposal to hold up their hands. Nearly everyone there did. Ashka was shocked to see that so many people had witnessed her "private moment," but after consideration realized she could share it with her family in Europe via webcam.

Ashka's parents, who live in Swidwin, Poland, plan to attend the wedding which will be on September 4, 2010, here at Osage.



Memories

~by Paula Surridge

I can't believe its been three years since God called my momma home. Not a day goes by that I don't think about her. I still find myself heading for the phone to call her, and have to stop myself, knowing that if I dial the number no one will answer.

God took three very special women that year: Ruth Ann Egbert, Janie Hiller and my mom, Lillie Troop. I miss them dearly- their smiles and laughter are forever held in my heart.

I found this poem recently and I want to share it because these three miraculous ladies will forever be in our hearts.

Forever in our Hearts

A million times we needed you,
A million times we cried,
If love alone would have saved you,
You would of never died.
In life we loved you dearly,
In death we love you still,
In our hearts you hold a place,
No one can ever fill.
A light from our household is gone,
A voice from our love is stilled,
A place in our vacant home,
Which never can be filled.
Some may think you are forgotten,
Though on earth you are no more,
But in our memory you are with us,
As you always were before.
It broke our hearts to lose you,
But you did not go alone,
A part of us went with you,
The day God called you home.
Your precious memories are for keepsakes,
with which we never part,
God has you safely in his keeping,
But we have you forever in our hearts



An Unlikely Hero

~by Pastor Harold

As I've mentioned before I stay in contact with some of the salesmen that used to call on me when I worked at Prestige. Sometime back one of them sent me an email that I want to share with you this month. The email is as follows.

Ashley Smith was just getting her life back together. As a 26-year-old single mom, she had had a pretty rough journey. A Christian upbringing but a youthful rebellion - brushes with the law, some drug issues, jobs found and lost - and finally marriage and a little girl. Four years ago, her husband died in her arms from stab wounds in a violent attack. On that night in March 11 of 2005, she was just getting settled in the apartment she had moved into two days earlier. When she returned from her 2:00 A.M. run to the store, accused killer Brian Nichols forced his way into her apartment at gunpoint.

Nichols was the object of the largest manhunt in Georgia history after his deadly escape from a downtown courtroom where he left the judge and three others shot to death. Later, he shot another man. Initially, he bound and gagged Ashley. Eventually, he began to trust her enough to give her some freedom. And for seven hours, she talked to the killer in her living room. She talked about the battles of her life - about the little daughter she was supposed to pick up the next morning - and about her newly reborn faith. With his permission, she read to him from the Bible and the book she was reading, "The Purpose-Driven Life."

Ultimately, he allowed Ashley to leave - after she seemingly had persuaded him to consider ending the killing and to give up peacefully. After she called law enforcement - as he almost surely knew she would - they swarmed around that apartment only to see him come out and quietly surrender. Later, Ashley Smith recalled some extraordinary things that Brian Nichols had said to her. He told her he thought she was an angel sent from God - that he was lost and that God had led him right to her so she could tell him, from the well of her own hurt, how the people he had hurt were feeling. She told him he was a child of God and that she wanted him to do God's will. Then she said, "I guess he began to want to." For days, the national media talked over and over again about those extraordinary seven hours and the incredible young woman who had helped end a bloodbath. She said it was not her at all. It was the God who was leading her now "purpose-driven life."

Ashley Smith was an unlikely hero for God. Her life had been up and down, but thanks to God's Word and the book, "The Purpose-Driven Life", her life was once again on track. Not only was her life on track; that night it was also on the line. Ashley had re-committed her life to God and He gave her an opportunity to make an eternal difference for Brian Nichols.

While, (hopefully) not as dramatic, we each one have an opportunity to make an eternal difference for someone. When we reach out in love to a neighbor, a co-worker, a family member, or even a total stranger, we are being the hands of Jesus. God puts us with people who can be reached, if we are willing to be used. It doesn't matter how unqualified you may feel.

Life suddenly becomes amazingly exciting when you live it assume those divine match-ups-and using those match-ups to tell about your Jesus. Rescuing people that God has assigned to you becomes the eternal purpose that drives your life. Wherever God puts you-whoever God puts you with- remember that purpose. And help the people He brings your way be in heaven with you someday!

How a Church, Working Together, Can Feed Over 56 People Corn-on-the-Cob

~by Marsha Hartman

First, someone has to have the land -which was Gary and Betty Ledford. Next, you have to have the seed -which Gary bought. Then, you have to have someone plant the seed -which Clark Egbert did. God takes care of the rain and sunshine which was just about perfect this year. (can we expect any less from our Heavenly Father?)



Then, comes the picking which Vernon Egbert and Clark took care of. After that the corn needed to be husked and cleaned -which Barbara Egbert was most happy to do.

Cooking the corn fell to the Come-N-Dine Staff to do, which was really easy since all the hard parts had been take care of by other church members. Corn-on-the-cob was enjoyed at the July 13th dinner, but without all the above this could not have been possible.

We thank you all for providing the corn. It is so great when God's love is shown in such small ways so many can enjoy the love which a church family has. We not only have a church family, we now have a community family. Those are the

people who come to Come-N-Dine almost every week. They come to eat but they enjoy visiting with friends and neighbors. They get to know new people and have a good time. If you have not been to one of the dinners, try it. Hopefully you'll have a good time and maybe make a new friend.



Paula Surridge says that if her father, Paul Troop, is grinning from ear to ear and his face is turning red he may not be telling the truth. Do you think Paul would tell anything but the truth? We are taking a poll. Let us know if you think Paul can pull your leg or not.

School Bells Set to Ring

~submitted by Carolyn Barr



At this season of the year, our thoughts turn again to school. When the corn has turned brown and the air hints at fall, the school bus once more inches along the dusty country roads gathering the children back to books and teachers and football.

And now as feet--not yet used to shoes--shuffle and skip along the sidewalks, our thoughts turn to the great Teacher-- Chirst.

Jesus acquired his B. S. from the local synagoue and carpenter shop, his M.S. before the age of 12, and his Phd. during the 40 days and nights in the wilderness. He was graduated with top honors from the Kingdom of Heaven and was given a letter of high recommendation by the Heavenly Father. With these various degrees and the letter, he went forth to teach the world about God.

We now see Chirst in his classroom --by the sea--or in a dusty village square, -- a temple--or a rocky mountain side, teaching his students to worship, to pray and most of all to love God and each other. Patiently, he explained lectured and told parables to the gifted, the dull, and the average mind--awakening in each a thirst for more knowledge of this great loving father "Who promised to everyone eternal life if he would abide by the instructions of this teacher, Jesus. These instructions were by no means simple, in fact, the homework assigned by Chirst was just plain rough. He asked of his pupils such things as: If a man strikes one cheek, turn to him the other. also: If a "Man forces you to go with him one mile, go with him two."

Jesus taught these lessons with love and kindness and on occasion a gentle reprimand. More important though, Jesus, himself, lived--to perfection--his teachings. He ultimately proved these theories of eternal life by giving up his own earthly life~an rising triumphant from death. It was through this great example that he gave the world the priceless heritage of eternal life through the love he taught.

Paul's Corner

~by Paul Troop

It has been brought to my attention, that I should bring up a few items concerning table manners when eating in the presence of others at our Come and Dine. Here are a few of them. . .

When eating a meal, especially when hot rolls are being served, always save a good part of the roll to clean out the plate; food should not be wasted! The roll can be broken up into bite size pieces and then using your fingers or a fork and take that bite size piece of roll and clean out the plate and then eat that piece. Do this with as many pieces as needed to clean out the plate; sometimes it might look so clean that you don't know whether to put it away in the cupboard, or to run it through the washing process first.

If you do not need the butter for anything that is being served; please do not take even one serving of butter; especially do not take two servings. You should spread all of the butter on the roll and not leave any of the butter on the edge of the plate.

When taking a bowl of salad, once again bite size pieces of the roll could also be used to clean out the bowl. Leaving your napkin spread out over the plate to hide the food you didn't eat will never work; we always find the food you left behind.



When taking your dessert, please leave enough room in your tummy to hold all of it. If not, feel free to ask for something to put the dessert in to take home with you to be enjoyed later.

I learned all of this recently, after I was "asked" to help wash the dishes. I saw that the dishes were really stacking up in the kitchen, and in one of my weaker moments, I said "I'd be glad to help". Of all things, they put me to work scraping off the plates and saucers and getting them ready



to be put in the dish washing sink. All

the time while I was scraping those plates, I was thinking of you and I knew this was just too valuable for me not to share. So far, I have lucked out on the job of washing those dishes;



I sure have done my share of drying them though. Seriously, the fellowship we have at our Come and Dine in the preparation of the meal, as well as during the noon hour with you, is worth all the work we put into it. We hope you have been blessed as much as we have.



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August, 2010, Newsletter